The POET's ADDRESS

To the Ensuing Parliament.

To the Knights, Burgesses and Cits,
The Corporation Christen'd Wits,
By Reason of Poetick Fits,
Unlucky Accidents and Hits,
From Box and Dice, and Bailiff's Writs,
And Injuries from Female Tits,
This sad Petition humbly gets,
Patch'd as is wont from Scraps and Bits.

WHEREAS the Nation has Address'd
The King with Zeal and Heart,
And ev'ry County done its best
To have its Loyalty express'd
And act a grateful Part.

Feign would *Apollo*'s Tatter'd Train
The Muſes Nine importune,
And ſwear, and promiſe to maintain
His Majeſty's moſt rightful Reign
With Life, and Pen, and Fortune.
But their unkind malicious Fate
Has all theſe Hopes withſtood
And Circumſtances very ſtreight
Leave 'em without the leaſt Eſtate,
To make ſuch Promiſe good.

Wherefore, becauſe they would not do
Like Clergy's Sons and Wives,
Who kept by Charity, would ſhew
They had at leaſt great Things in view,
And offer'd Goods and Lives.

BRITISH MUSEUM

From

From the bright Throne we turn our Eyes,
And your Protection claim;
You are the Spring from whence ſupplies,
And ev'ry Stream of Aid muſt riſe
To raiſe this Kingdom's Fame.

Low at your Feet accept our Fears,
We come not to adviſe,
And take not humble Garretteers,
For ſaucy *Kentiſh* Mutineers,
Since we'd be thought more wiſe.

Nothing we have to loſe, 'tis true,
Yet all things have to dread;
Since if you loſe, in loſing you
We have no further Hopes in view,
And expectation's dead.

Wherefore amidſt your Country's Call,
Permit us to implore,
That *Britain* mayn't by *Britain* fall,
But keep the Scepter and the Ball,
In ſpight of *Gallia*'s ſhore.

A War muſt needs inſpire the Muſe,
And make the Poet write,
Though arms himſelf he does not uſe,
Yet arms to Verſe, a Warmth infuſe,
He ſtarves unleſs ye Fight.

Lewis muſt fall, if *Phœbus* takes
Great *William*'s Cauſe in hand,
Sound but his Lyre, the Tyrant ſhakes,
And Overtures for Treaties makes,
And thus ſecures the Land.

For Heaven's ſake then be pleas'd to think
Upon us Rhyming Sinners,
And let your Slaves of Pen and Ink,
Get ſomething that may make 'em drink,
And furniſh 'em with Dinners.

Our Themes are thred-bare, like our Coats,
And odious to the Sight;
Wherefore we beg you'd change our Notes,
By *Reſolutions* and by *Votes*,
T' aſſiſt us with a Fight.

One Battle can add ten Times more,
Than all our whining Strains,
Let thoſe that will continue poor,
So we are not turn'd out of Door,
Their *Loſſes* are our *Gains*.

For

For War the Men of *Kent* addreſs'd,
When War had been their Ruine,
But we are for't, without a jeſt,
As an Expedient that is beſt,
To keep off Ills a Brewing.

Next we beſeech you, to redreſs
Their Harms, and we have done,
Make certain Peers to ſcribble leſs,
And not affront that Houſe by gueſs,
They'd better let alone.

Would but this Houſe promulge a Law,
And think it ſafe and juſt,
That a dark Houſe and Bedlam-ſtraw,
Be allow'd thoſe that ſtand in awe
Of ſome Great Men in Truſt.

S--- would surely ceaſe to vent
His execrable Spleen,
And *H*--- no more foment,
Or raiſe the publick Diſcontent,
Nor *T*--*ſon* dare be ſeen.
Lower the Prize of Wine we pray,
And do the Muſes right,
Nor let thoſe Pens that want no Pay,
Fatten upon our Wealth's Decay,
Impeach 'em if they write.

F I N I S.

Printed in the Year, 1702.

Price, 2d.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Fuller once more fulleriz'd or the Cony-wool-Cutters Two and Twenty new Depoſitions Preface, and impudent Dedication taken to pieces, in Relation to Mrs. *Mary Grey*, being the Mother of the *P. P.* of *Wales*;

Reaſon proved to be unreaſonable, or an anſwer to the Reaſons, againſt a War, fully demonſtrating, That the *French* King's owning the *P. P.* of *Wales* to be King of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, is directly contrary to the Treaty of *Reſwyck*, and a ſufficient Ground for a War.

Printed in the Year, 1702.

Price, 2d.